

## Once upon a time, a bar

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# **Once upon a time, a bar**

by [SrebrnaFH](#)

## Summary

Two guys, a nondescript bar. Each one was saved by a blonde girl.

The drink looked slightly gold-ish when he watched it under the only lamp in the run-down establishment.

"It's traditional."

The guy next to him looked... Hmm. Ah. Taken. Not that it ever stopped him before, but that was before and now was now. But, even if not for the obvious, heavy ring on his finger, the guy emitted strong, overwhelming fluids of "so in love I'll make you sick". Well.

"The gold specks?"

"Yeah. Drinks with golden water get served on the important days in our kingdom" 'our' was said in a very possessive tone, less like a simple citizen, more like... hm.

"Like?"

"Princess' Birthday" he ticked off on his fingers "and Princess' Finding, which is anyway the next day. Princess' Wedding, too. And Princess' Crowning. And, well, in a few days, on New Prince's Birthday, whenever it may be. And on my birthday" he added, and smiled crookedly.

"And that's why?"

Apparently the guy decided to misunderstand him.

"That's 'cause of her hair" he sighed. "She had the most fabulous blonde hair ever. I mean, it was like 60 feet long. Or so. And she could climb, using it. And catch stuff. And heal..."

His eyebrows rode up questioningly.

"Well, she did! She healed my hand!" the guy gulped down half of his glass. "And she even brought me back to life!"

He sipped his own drink. Tasted slightly flowery, but had a good content of vodka, so he decided to get another one to keep it company.

"I had it done, once, too" he finally uttered. "A girl, brought me back to life. I hope... I hope you can live yours normally" he heaved a sigh and downed the last drops from his first glass as the bartender was handing him the second one. "Mine did a bit too thorough job."

Dreamy eyes next to him blinked and handsome - very handsome, really! - face peered at him without understanding.

"How can a girl be too thorough in bringing somebody to life?" he asked, uncertainly.

"She did it" he sipped from the new glass "permanently. I'm stuck like this."

His neighbour leaned back on his chair and gave him a long, searching look.

"And you're complaining? About **what**?"

He felt himself scrutinized by the barman, who noticed the exchange between the two.

"Well" he shrugged "I can't die. I mean, ever."

"I see only pluses" his new friend shrugged.

"Even if I'm left in a coffin, six feet underground, for several hundred years" he added, looking straight ahead, at the beer-pouring levers behind the bar.

"Ok, I see minuses" the other one admitted. "I got stuck underground once, in a flooded cave. We were going to drown" he shuddered and swallowed the rest of his drink.

The bartender left a tray of cupcakes in front of them and left wordlessly.

"Is this the local 'go away' signal I didn't understand?"

"Nah, he's just showing us Attila's new inventions. Don't worry, not poisoned or anything."

He tried one. Quite edible.

"How did you get away?"

"From the cave? I had a blonde with magical, glowing hair with me. She made the light, we made the escape."

"Ah. My blonde... she glowed. Whole. I saw her, for just a milisecond. She glowed with this golden light, tiny little specs of light flowing around her like gauze ribbons. She was wonderful" he looked at his empty glass. "I should probably get going. Don't want to get my friends angry that I'm late."

"Going anywhere?"

He smiled.

"Probably saving worlds. Putting away monsters, witches and ugly little men. Looking at my blonde."

The other guy stretched like a cat.

"I should go, too. Anyway, Hammer here won't give me any more alcohol today. Promised the king they'll keep me sober" he smiled melancholically.

"King's watching your intake?"

A snort.

"I gotta listen to my father in law. Anyway, he's gonna be a grandpa anyday now, so he's pretty nervous as it is. I should get back to the palace, to my brunette."

He blinked.

"Your brunette? What happened to the blonde?"

Crooked smile.

"She changed the colour. We like it better like this. What about yours?"

He shook his head.

"She's not *really* mine. But she's still blonde. No matter what happens, she's still my golden Rose."

The horse waiting outside the bar looked almost as bored of waiting as the man in the brown coat next to him. A whinny and a scolding 'humph' sounded at the same time.

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